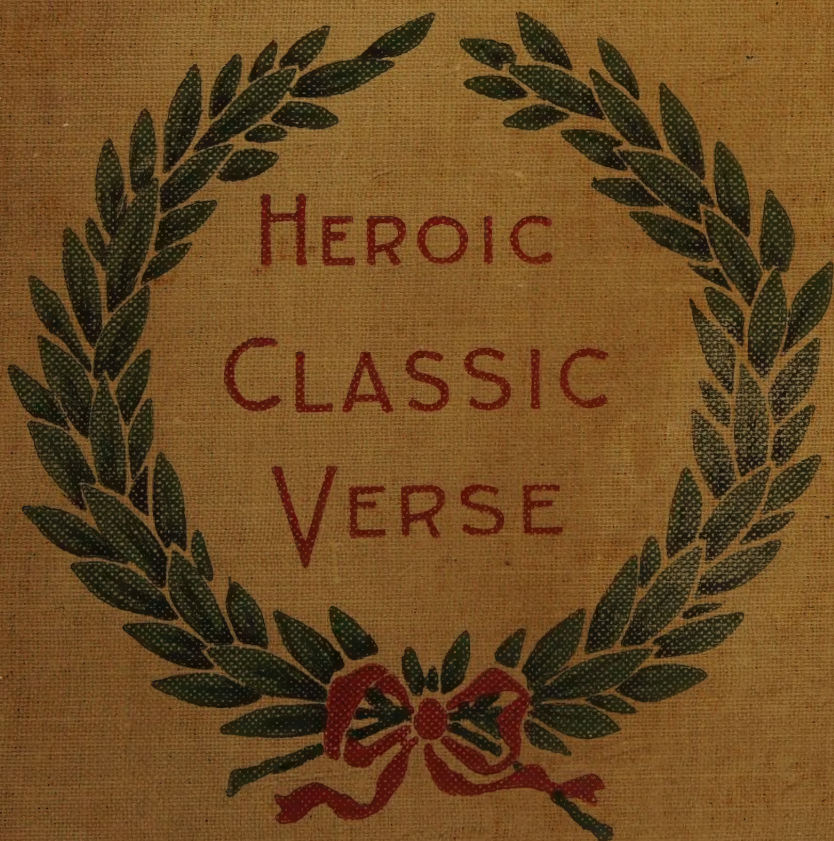


THE
LAUREL SPEAKER



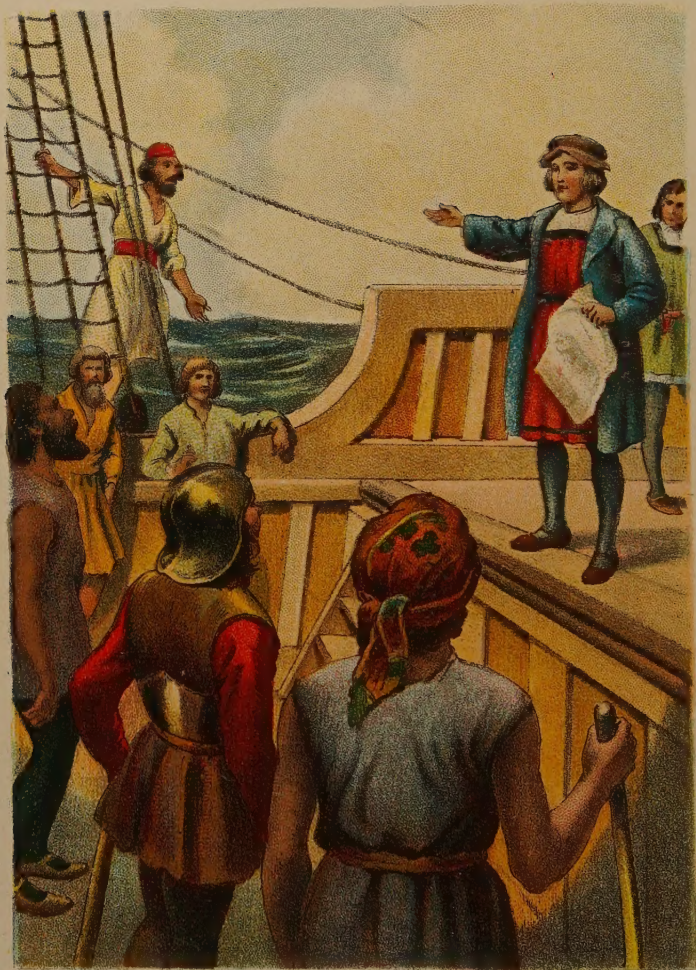
FOR BOYS

(V) 5/22
Willard Weaver
from his
Grandma Weaver

c1906

August 31, 1916

\$50 online
rare



"Bear up, my brave comrades ; three days shall decide."—Page 114

THE
LAUREL SPEAKER
HEROIC CLASSIC
VERSE FOR BOYS



NEW YORK
McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS

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*Blessings be with them, and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!*

—WORDSWORTH.

The Laurel Speaker

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land"?
Whose heart hath ne'er within his burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

ROCKS OF MY COUNTRY.

MRS. HEMANS.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud your crested
heights array,
And rise ye, like a fortress proud, above the surge
and spray!
My spirit greets you as ye stand, breasting the
billow's foam:
O! thus forever guard the land, the severed Land
of Home!

I have left rich blue skies behind, lighting up
classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind, and sunshine on
the vines.
The breathings of the myrtle-flowers have floated
o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours, hath soothed
me with its lay.

The Isles of Greece, the Hills of Spain, the
purple Heavens of Rome,
Yes, all are glorious;—yet again I bless thee,
Land of Home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land! and thine
the guarded hearth,
And thine the dead, the noble band, that make
thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze, their steps
are on thy plains;
Their names by old majestic trees are whispered
round thy fanes.
Their blood hath mingled with the tide of thine
exulting sea;
O! be it still a joy, a pride, to live and die for thee!

MY FATHER'S SWORD.

THOS. HAYNES BAYLY.

My father's sword upon the wall
Has slumber'd since his death;
Oh, give it me, for now 'tis time
To throw away the sheath.
Too long I've been content to wear
The laurels that he won;
Give me the sword—and it shall gain
New laurels for his son!

My father's sword! Oh, blame me not,
Though tears bedew the steel;
Though nerveless now may fall my arm,
It is not fear I feel.
I weep to think how oft his hand
Hath laid aside that sword,
While he hath stoop'd to kiss my brow,
And breathe some gentle word.

My father's sword!—this silken knot
My own dear mother wove.
Take hence the weapon—let it grace
The halls she used to love.
Give me another,—if my prayer
In after years be heard—
It shall not be unfit to hang
Beside my father's sword.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BURNS.

Bruce's Address to His Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee.

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa';
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall,—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

THE OLD CONTINENTALS.

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
When the Grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon-shot:
When the files
 Of the isles,
From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner
 of the rampant
 Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the
roll of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
As the roar
 On the shore,

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-
sodded acres

Of the plain;

And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black
gunpowder,

Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges

Worked the red St. George's

Cannoniers;

And the "villainous saltpetre"

Rang a fierce, discordant metre

Round their ears;

As the swift

Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards'
clangor

On our flanks.

Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-
fashioned fire

Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel

Galloped through the white infernal

Powder-cloud;

And his broad sword was swinging,

And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of
the leaden
Rifle-breath.
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron
six-pounder,
Hurling death!

FALL OF WARSAW,

1794

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern
wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
horn:
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her heights surveyed

Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid—
O Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said; and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners
fly,—

“Revenge, or death!”—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew,—
O! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career.

Hope for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked, as Kosciusko fell!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a
grave.

Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O vengeance! where thy
rod,

That smote the foes of Sion and of God?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!

Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!

Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,

Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!

Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,

And make her arm puissant as your own!

O! once again to Freedom's cause return:

The patriot Tell,—the Bruce of Bannockburn.

Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see

That man hath yet a soul,—and dare be free!

A little while, along thy saddening plains,

The starless night of Desolation reigns;

Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,

And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!

Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,

Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN,

1800.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,

And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'T is morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Ah! few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet.
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.

Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walks of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.

The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'T is life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'T is life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band,

With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

*PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE TO THE
MEN OF GHENT.*

HENRY TAYLOR.

Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to
you
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
And ill would it become us to make light
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall
They died like heroes; for no recreant step
Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins

Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.
But had they guessed, or could they but have
dreamed,

The great examples which they died to show
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
That men should say, "For liberty these died,
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought
this.

O, then, with what an agony of shame,
Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
Had their great spirits parted hence for Heaven!

What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
To write, that in five bodies were contained
The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five de-
funct,

The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
And so with all humility besought
Her haughty Lord that he would scourge her
lightly?

It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
Mine eye can single out full many a man
Who lacks but opportunity to shine
As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.

But, lo! the Earl is "mercifully minded!"

And, surely, if we, rather than revenge
The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
Then will my Lord the Earl have mercy on us,
And pardon us our strike for liberty!

O, Sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived.
Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
But think not that the parchment and mouth
pardon

Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
There's that betwixt you been which men remem-
ber,

Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot,—
Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.
There's that betwixt you been which you your-
selves,

Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves;
For must it not be thought some base men's souls
Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out,
If, in the coldness of a craven heart,
Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes!

*WAT TYLER'S ADDRESS TO THE
KING.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

King of England,
Petitioning for pity is most weak,—
The sovereign People ought to *demand* justice.
I lead them here against the Lord's anointed,
Because his Ministers have made him odious!
His yoke is heavy, and his burden grievous.
Why do ye carry on this fatal war,
To force upon the French a King they hate;
Tearing our young men from their peaceful
homes,
Forcing his hard-earned fruits from the honest
peasant,
Distressing *us* to desolate our neighbors?
Why is this ruinous poll-tax imposed,
But to support your Court's extravagance,
And your mad title to the Crown of France?
Shall we sit tamely down beneath these evils,
Petitioning for pity? King of England,
Why are we sold like cattle in your markets,
Deprived of every privilege of man?
Must we lie tamely at our tyrant's feet,
And, like your spaniels, lick the hand that beats
us?



A Moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away.—Page 20.

You sit at ease in your gay palaces:
The costly banquet courts your appetite;
Sweet music soothes your slumbers: we, the while,
Scarce by hard toil can earn a little food,
And sleep scarce sheltered from the cold night
wind;

Whilst your wild projects wrest the little from us
Which might have cheered the wintry hours of
age!

The Parliament forever asks more money;
We toil and sweat for money for your taxes;
Where is the benefit,—what good reap *we*
From all the counsels of your government?
Think you that *we* should quarrel with the
French?

What boots to *us* your victories, your glory?
We pay, we fight,—*you* profit at your ease!
Do you not claim the country as your own?
Do you not call the venison of the forest,
The birds of Heaven, your own?—prohibiting us,
Even though in want of food, to seize the prey
Which Nature offers? King! is all this just?
Think you we do not feel the wrongs we suffer?
The hour of retribution is at hand,
And tyrants tremble,—mark me, King of
England.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had
lowered,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
powered,

The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the
slain,

At the dead of night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamed it again.

Methought, from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I
swore

From my home and my weeping friends never
to part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of
heart.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and
worn!"

And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

GENERAL SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Depart-
ment came.

He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field
of fame:

The Chief who shouted, "Forward!" where'er his
banner rose,

And bore his stars in triumph behind the flying
foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,

"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was at your side?

Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?

'Tis true, I'm old, and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief, "my brave old soldier, No!

And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;

But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled, old, and gray,

And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General!" cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,

"The very men who fought with us, they say, are traitors now;

They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue,

And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good
old gun

To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick them
one by one.

Your Minie rifles, and such arms, it a'n't worth
while to try;

I couldn't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my
powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the Chief—"God
bless your loyal heart!

But younger men are in the field, and claim to
have their part.

They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious
town,

And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to
pull it down!"

"But, General,"—still persisting—the weeping
veteran cried,

"I am young enough to follow, so long as *you're*
my guide,

And some, you know, must bite the dust, and
that, at least, can I;

So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a
place to die!

If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in
command

Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in
my hand;

No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how the
shells may fly,

I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold
them till I die!

I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be
given,

Where Washington can see me, as he looks from
highest Heaven,

And says to Putnam, at his side, or, may be,
General Wayne,

'There stands old Billy Johnson, who fought at
Lundy's Lane!'

And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors
fly,

When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting
in the sky,

If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to
Arnold's place!"

THE COLOR-BEARER.

HENRY HOWARD BROWNELL.

Let them go!—they are brave, I know—

But a berth like this, why it suits me best;
I can't carry back the Old Colors to-day,
We've come together a long rough way—
Here's as good a spot as any to rest.

No look, I reckon, to hold them long;

So here, in the turf, with my bayonet,
To dig for a bit, and plant them strong—
(Look out for the point—we may want it yet!)

Dry work! but the old canteen holds fast

A few drops of water—not over-fresh—
So, for a drink!—it may be the last—
My respects to you, Mr. Secesh!

No great show for the snakes to sight:

Our boys keep 'em busy yet, by the powers!—
Hark, what a row going on, to the Right!
Better luck there, I hope, than ours.

Half an hour!—(and you'd swear 't was three) —

Here by the bully old staff, I've sat—
Long enough, as it seems to me,
To lose as many lives as a cat.

Now and then, they sputter away;
A puff and a crack, and I hear the ball.
Mighty poor shooting, I should say—
Not bad fellows, may be, after all.

My chance, of course, isn't worth a dime—
But I thought, 'twould be over, sudden and
quick;
Well, since it seems that we're not on time,
Here's for a touch of the Kilikinick.

Cool as a clock!—and, what is strange—
Out of this dream of death and alarm,
(This wild hard week of battle and change)—
Out of the rifle's deadly range—
My thoughts are all at the dear old farm.

'Tis green as a sward, by this, I know—
The orchard is just beginning to set,
They mowed the home-lot a week ago—
The corn must be late, for that piece is wet.

I can think of one or two, that would wipe
A drop or so from a soft blue eye,
To see me sit, and puff at my pipe,
With a hundred death's heads grinning hard by.



"All quiet along the Potomac."—Page 35.

And I wonder, when this has all passed o'er,
And the tattered old stars in triumph wave on
Through street and square, with welcoming roar,
If ever they'll think of us who are gone?

How we marched together, sound or sick,
Sank in the trench o'er the heavy spade—
How we charged on the guns, at double-quick—
Kept rank for Death to choose and pick—
And lay on the bed no fair hands made.

Ah, well! at last, when the Nation's free,
And flags are flapping from bluff to bay,
In old St. Lou, what a time there'll be!
I mayn't be there, the Hurrah to see—
But if the Old Rag goes back to-day,
They never shall say 'twas carried by me!

THE PICKET-GUARD.

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.

'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken

Leaped up to his lips,—when low, murmured
vows

Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of
light,

Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the
leaves?

Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle: “Ha! Mary, good by!”
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket’s off duty forever.

*THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT
BRIGADE.*

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare.
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well

THE LAUREL SPEAKER

Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

THE DEATH RIDE.

*A Poem by an American Youth That Preceded Tennyson's "Charge
of the Light Brigade."*

—From the New York Times Saturday Review of Books.

On o'er the rocky ground,
Cannon on all sides round
Belching forth death and wound.
Madly they rode!

On! like a Demon-blast,
Thundering and fierce and fast,
Fear to the winds they cast,
Needing no goad!

On! through the rocky dell!
On! through the cannon's hell!
On! though by heaps they fell,
Dying and dead!

On with a whirlwind's leap!
Down on the Russ they sweep!
Madly their swords they steep
Where the foe bled!

On without stop or stay,
Cleaving their bloody way
Through that immense array,
Through to the rear!

"Well done, my gallant men!
Halt and return again—
On! and charge boldly then,
Who feels a fear?"

Back! through the serried rank
Closing around their flank—
Deeply their red blades drank
Blood shed anew!

Back! through that iron hail!
Back! through that hollow vale!

THE LAUREL SPEAKER

Back! through that deadly dale!
Scattered and few!

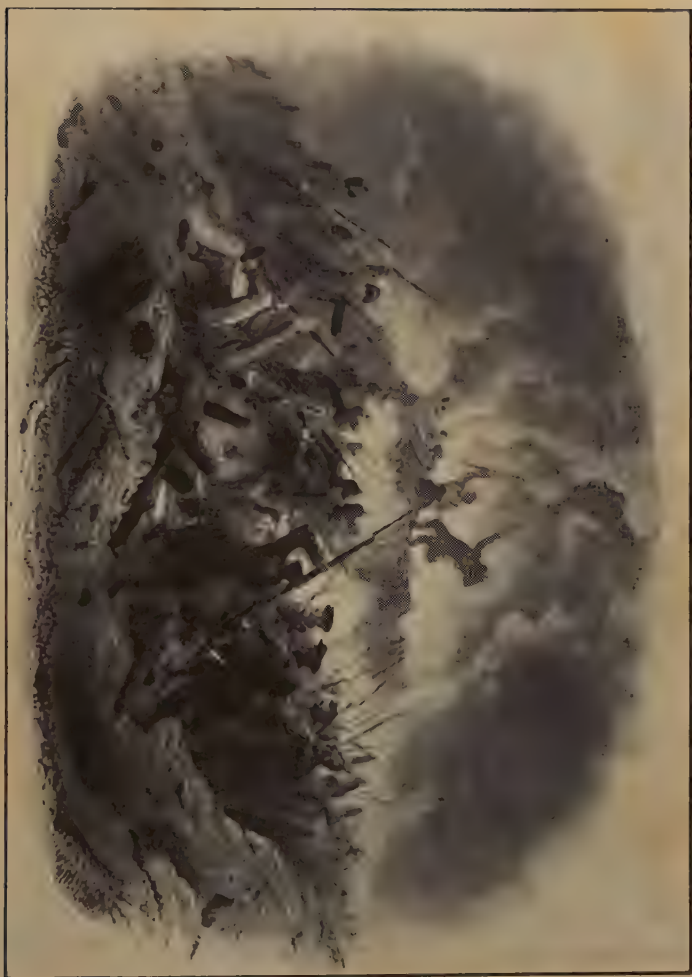
Long shall the memory last
Of that fierce ride and fast,
When through the carnage past
England's brave sons.

Centuries hence shall tell
How, in that fatal dell,
Riding to death they fell,
Heroic ones!

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

NATHAN D. URNER.

Not a sound, not a breath!
And as still as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonet's shine:
All is tumult below—
Surging friend, surging foe;
But, not a hair's breadth moves our adamant line:
Waiting so grimly.



Charge! Charge! with a yell
Like the shriek of a shell.—Page 42.

The battle smoke lifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill where we stand, like a pall for the
world;
And a gleam now and then
Shows the billows of men,
In whose black, boiling surge we are soon to be
hurled,
Redly and dimly.
There's the word! "Ready all!"

See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal so bright and so bare!
Then the other word—Ha!
We are moving! Huzza!
We snuff the burnt powder, we plunge in the
glare,
Rushing to glory!
Down the hill, up the glen,
O'er the bodies of men.
Then on with a cheer to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Ned?
No answer: he's dead!
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leap-
ing out,
Crimson and gory!

On! on! Do not think
Of the falling; but drink
Of the mad, living cataract torrent of war!
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!
Catch the Captain—he's hit! 'Tis a scratch—
nothing more!
Forward forever!
Huzza! Here's a trench!
In and out of it! Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of
Fame!
Charge! charge! with a yell
Like the shriek of a shell—
O'er the abatis, on through the curtain of flame!
Back again! Never!

The rampart! 'Tis crossed—
It is ours! It is lost!
No—another dash now and the glaxis is won!
Huzza! What a dust!
Hew them down. Cut and thrust!
A T-i-g-a-r! brave lads, for the red work is done—
Victory! Victory!

THE BON HOMME RICHARD.

WILLIAM HURD HILLYER.

[Dedicated to Atlanta Chapter, D. A. R.]

'Twas on a blue September day
Just thrilled by waking dreams of frost,
When our five vessels made their way
Northward along the Scottish coast;
The Bon Homme Richard staunch and true—
Deep-scarred in desperate battle scenes—
The Alliance with her craven crew;
Three frigates, manned with French marines

We saw them whiten through the mist,
The tempting, blossoming British sails,
Fair men-of-war pledged to resist
All spoilers of the merchant's bales.
And closely huddled near them moved
The fenceless freight-ships, laden all
With wealth that ere the day's end proved
But trophies for the Brine-King's hall.

"About ship!" came the order clear;
The blocks went clattering up the mast.
We knew that there was battle near,—
A glorious day, perchance our last.

Loud spake our flag-ship's challenge gun:
Dull boomed the answer of the foe:
We saw the tiny figures run
About their high decks, to and fro.

We bore down on them then; and they,
Two full-rigged warriors of the line,
Swung out majestic for the fray,
The salt air warmed our throats like wine;
We thirsted for the danger draught
Yet trembled when it reached our lips,
Our drumming pulses as we quaffed
Throbbled even to our finger-tips.

Our forward guns wrought merrier flame
As near and nearer drew their mark,
Foremost the dread Serapis came
Her broad hull standing huge and dark.
Leeward, with muttered threatenings dire,
Her sister-ship, the Countess, made.
Both showed fierce waist-lines fringed with fire
Of their continuous cannonade.

"Our broadside batteries are no more!"
It was the bold Mayrant who spake.
"What of it? They've but forty-four,
And we have thirty-one, to wake

His starboard, port and forward eyes:
We have our sweet twelve-pounders still!"
Dauntless our commodore replies,
"And we can conquer, if we will!"

Now scarce a ship's length lies between
The Bon Homme Richard and the foe,
Down in that narrowing gulf of green
The splintered currents whirl and flow.
"Steady! We'll heave his mainmast yet!"
Our long-nine chorus thunders high;
The timbers moan, the decks are wet
With blood of men who dared to die

Our gunners paused with pallid lips
And gazed at that menacing prow:
A silence settled on both ships.
"Ah, God in Heaven! they have us now!"
We passed from man to man the word,
As Death upon our broadside bore.
"Fire, lads! the day is won!" we heard
The voice of our own commodore.

His wheel went over with such ease
As on some feathery pleasure craft
Skilled yachtsman taunts the harmless breeze.
"Not yet, my British lads!" he laughed.

With canvas full, the Richard swung
Alongside, ere the foe could turn:
Our men with grappling irons hung
Ready to seize and board, or burn.

The Britisher sheers off, and stands
Filling and yawing in dismay,
Moved swiftly as by hidden hands
The Richard makes one masterplay;
For, as the foe cracks on and crowds
All sail with new redoubled rage,
Lo! silently our mizzen shrouds
His forward anchor fast engage.

One daring Britisher now tries
To cut the fatal link; in vain—
Hatchet in hand he falls, and dies;
And after him twice seven are slain;
While,—in one wreck-betangled space
The two ships aimlessly revolve,
Hard locked in that last firm embrace
That Death—Death only—must dissolve.

Slowly the Richard sinks; his side
Yawning with many a mortal wound.
Where—through the hateful, greenish tide
Comes pouring in with hollow sound.

But see! the Alliance joins the fray;—
Our men respond with lusty cheer,—
Her coward captain turns away,
And out of gunshot hugs his fear.

“Fight on, my lads! Down with that mast!
Well done! You have the flames in hand?
Good! if the sea comes in too fast—”

(This was the commodore’s command)

“Look that you save it for the fire.”

He glances up; where, undismayed,
Midshipman Fanning high and higher
Carries one flickering hand-grenade:

And as he flings—“God speed it!” cries,
Beneath his breath, our commodore.
It curves—it strikes the mark, and lies
Quick-stuttering for its final roar.
The deck heaved skyward; and our men
Swarmed to the British craft; but lo!
Scarce had we raised our colors, when
We watched the sinking Richard go,

Anchor and all, with headlong dip
And horrid whirl, round which we spun
Till Pallas, our brave sister-ship,
Announced the prize she, too, had won.

But 'round that whirlpool, dark and dread,
Like thoughts that rise in troubled sleep,
The spirits of the heroes dead
Came bubbling through the solemn deep.

Oh, he must be bold, and he must be brave
Who dared with the Richard wind and wave;
'Twas a fig for your flesh, and a snap for your
bones,
With the crew that sailed under John Paul
Jones!

CLEAR THE WAY.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Men of thought! be up, and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,



John Paul Jones on the deck of the Bon Homme
Richard.—Page 43.

There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play;
Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
 From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
 Into clay.

Lo! the right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

THE SOLDIER FROM BINGEN.

MRS. NORTON.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was
dearth of woman's tears
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-
blood ebbed away,
And bent with pitying glance to hear each word
he had to say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that com-
rade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see my own—
my native land!

Take a message and a token to the distant friends
of mine,

For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the
Rhine!

“Tell my brothers and companions, when they
meet and crowd around

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vine-
yard ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and when the
day was done,

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the
setting sun;

And midst the dead and dying were some grown
old in wars,

The death-wound on their gallant breasts,—the
last of many scars!

But some were young, and suddenly beheld Life’s
morn decline,—

And *one* had come from Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine.

“Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort
her old age,

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his
home a cage;

For my father was a soldier, and, even when a
child,

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of
struggles fierce and wild;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my
father's sword!

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright
light used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on
the Rhine!

“Tell my sisters not to weep for me, and sob
with drooping head,

When the troops come marching home again,
with glad and gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and
steadfast eye,

For their brother was a soldier, too, and not
afraid to die!

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my
name

To listen to him kindly, without regret and
shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place—(my
father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on
the Rhine!

“There's another,—not a sister,—in happy days
gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that
sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle
scorning,—
O! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes some-
times heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for, ere the
moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of
prison),—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow
sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen
on the Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or
seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus
sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting
hill,

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening
calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed,
with friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well
remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly, in
mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen
on the Rhine!"

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his
gasp was childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed, and
ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of
life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was
dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she
looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody
corse strewn!
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light
seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on
the Rhine.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed;

Hills rose and fell,—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
South,

The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and
faster,

Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master,
Were beating, like prisoners assaulting their
walls,

Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
play,

With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind:
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.



Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.—Page 56.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done,—what to do,—a glance told him
both.

And, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray;

By the flash of his eye, and his nostril's play.
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,—
The American's soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious General's name
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester,—twenty miles away.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

On sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
As sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,
Around a far-uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;

But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! One piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

ONLY A STABLE BOY.

GEORGE CROUCH.

I'm only a stable boy, Sir. Never knew nothin' but horse.

I but rub 'em and grub 'em and bed 'em, and have nothin' to do on the course.

But say, there are horses and horses; they differ like human kind,

And you know, without any one telling,
When the right kind of critter you find.

My horse knew his owner and trainer, he'd give them his whinny and nose

When they patted and stroked him. They loved him. He knew it. That goes.

But when they had trained him and timed him, they brought him back to me,

And I rubbed him and grubbed him and bed him, and slept in his stall. Don't yer see?

He knew little of Jock, with his jacket, who suddenly jumped on his back,

Let him loose at the post and with whip and spur had a two-minute spin on the track.

When the race was off, and the mount was off, it
was back to the stable yard.

And he left his swell friends in the paddock; he
was glad to see me, his old pard.

And he'd tell me just what he wanted,

What, can horses talk?

Of course. You might just as well ask me can
horses run or walk.

They can talk wth their hoofs when they want to,
talk with their eyes when they're kind.

And, I hope you won't think I am joking, they
can talk with their ears when they're blind.

Well, owner and trainer and jockey, maybe he
liked them all.

Think he did. But they were not in it with the
boy who slept in the stall.

My horse was the gamest and bravest the turf has
ever seen.

And whatever was good in man or horse, he was
something in between.

No wonder, then, that full-grown men, like owner
and trainer, and I,

Turned wet eyes to the wall as we stood in the
stall, and saw the great Sysonby die.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight[†] ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night," and with muffled
oar

Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The muster of men at the barrack-door,

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd the tower of the Old North
Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the highest window in the wall,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape for and near,
Then, impetuous, stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all; and yet through the gloom and the
 light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his
 flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides,
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,

And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest; in the books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,

From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere,
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

***HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD
NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.***

ROBERT BROWNING.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;

"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;

"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing
our place.

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique
right,

Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the
bit,—

Nor galloped less steadily Roland, a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned
clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlin church-steeple we heard the
half-chime

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear
bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out on his
track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that
glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance,
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris,
“Stay spur

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in
her,

We'll remember at Aix”^{*}—for one heard the
quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and stagger-
ing knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

^{*} The *x* in this word is not sounded.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongrés, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble
like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in
sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole
weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the
brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let
fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse with-
out peer;

Clapped by hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and
stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the
ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of
mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

THE O'KAVANAGH.

J. A. SHEA.

I.

The Saxons had met, and the banquet was spread,
And the wine in fleet circles the jubilee led;
And the banners that hung round the festal that
night,
Seemed brighter by far than when lifted in fight.

II.

In came the O’Kavanagh, fair as the morn,
When earth to new beauty and vigor is born;
They shrank from his glance like the waves from
 the prow,
For nature’s nobility sat on his brow.

III.

Attended alone by his vassal and bard;
No trumpet to herald—no clansmen to guard—
He came not attended by steed or by steel:
No danger he knew, for no fear did he feel.

IV.

In eye and on lip his high confidence smiled—
So proud, yet so knightly—so gallant, yet mild;
He moved like a god through the light of that
 hall,
And a smile, full of courtliness, proffered to all.

V.

“Come pledge us, lord chieftain! come pledge
 us!” they cried;
Unsuspectingly free to the pledge he replied;
And this was the peace-branch O’Kavanagh bore:
“The friendships to come, not the feuds that are
 o’er.”

VI.

But, minstrel! why cometh a change o'er thy theme?

Why sing of red battle—what dream dost thou dream?

Ha! "Treason's" the cry, and "Revenge" is the call!

As the swords of the Saxon surrounded the hall.

VII.

A kingdom for Angelo's mind! to portray
Green Erin's undaunted avenger, that day;
The far-flashing sword, and the death-darting
eye,

Like some comet commissioned with wrath from
the sky.

VIII.

Through the ranks of the Saxon he hewed his
red way—

Through lances, and sabres, and hostile array;
And, mounting his charger, he left them to tell
The tale of that feast, and its bloody farewell!

IX.

And now on the Saxons his clansmen advance,
With a shout from each heart, and a soul in each
lance.

He rushed, like a storm, o'er the night-covered
heath,
And swept through their ranks, like the angel of
death.

X.

Then hurrah! for thy glory, young chieftain,
hurrah!
Oh! had we such lightning-souled heroes to-day,
Again would our "Sunburst"* expand in the gale,
And freedom exult o'er the green Innisfail.

* Irish national banner.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

And soon straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen, drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand,
His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dented shield and helmet beat,
The falcon-crest and plumage gone,—
Can that be haughty Marmion?

Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face.

Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
The spear-wound has our master sped:
And see the deep cut on his head!

Good-night to Marmion!"
"Unnurtured Blount! thy bawling cease;
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"
When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare;
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon!—charge again!
Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."

With fruitless labor Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
And "Stanley!" was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye;
With dying hand, above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, "Victory!"
"Charge, Chester, charge! On Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

"STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY."

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well;
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul! We'll give him"—well,
That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!

Old Blue-Light's going to pray.

Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!

Attention! it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,

In *forma pauperis* to God—

“Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod!

Amen!” That's “Stonewall's way.”

He's in the saddle now,—Fall in!

Steady! the whole brigade!

Hill's at the ford, cut off—we'll win

His way out, ball and blade!

What matter if our shoes are worn?

What matter if our feet are torn?

“Quick-step! we're with him before dawn!”

That's “Stonewall Jackson's way.”

The sun's bright lances rout the mists

Of morning, and, by George!

Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,

Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,—

“Bay'nets and grape!” hear Stonewall roar;

“Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score!”

In “Stonewall Jackson's way.”

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in "Stonewall's way."

KEARNEY AT SEVEN PINES.

E. C. STEDMAN.

So that soldierly legend is still on its journey—
That story of Kearney who knew not to yield!
'Twas the day when with Jameson, fierce Berry
and Birney
Against twenty thousand he rallied the field,
Where the red volleys poured, where the clamor
rose highest,
Where the dead lay in clumps through the
dwarf oak and pine,
Where the aim from the thicket was surest and
nighest,
No charge like Phil Kearney's along the whole
line.

When the battle went ill and the bravest were
solemn,

Near the dark Seven Pines, where we still held
our ground,

He rode down the length of the withering column
And his heart at our war-cry leaped up at a
bound.

He snuffed, like his charger, the wind of the
powder;

His sword waved us on and we answered the
sign.

Loud our cheer as we rushed, but his laugh rang
the louder—

“There’s the devil’s own fun, boys, along the
whole line!”

How he strode his brown steed! how we saw his
blade brighten

In the one hand still left, and the reins in his
teeth;

He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier’s glance shot from his visor be-
neath.

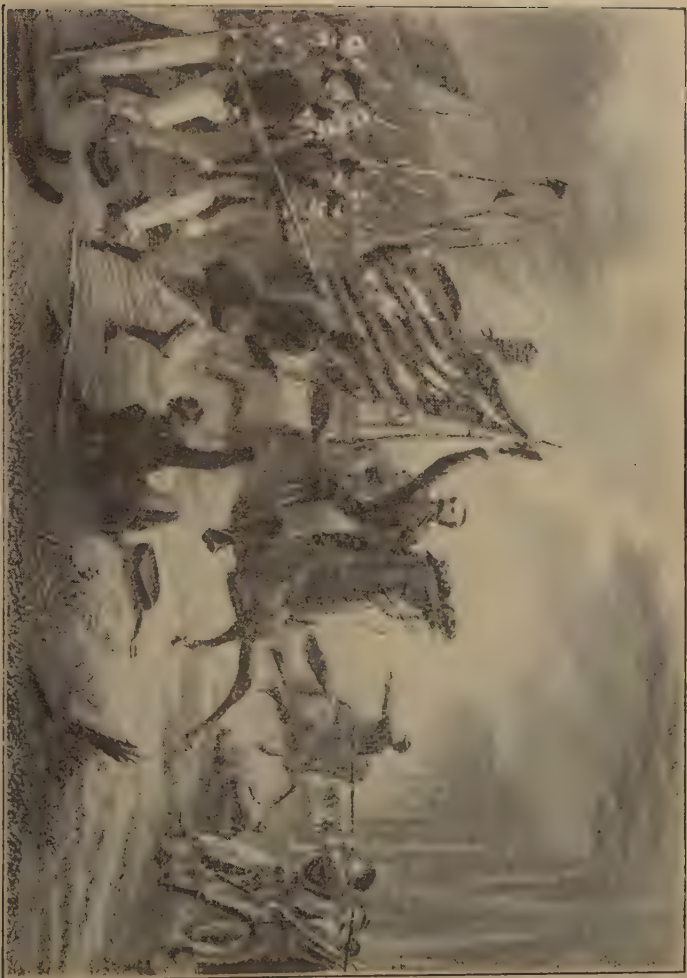
Up came the reserves to the valley infernal,
Asking where to go in, through the clearing or
pine?

“Oh, anywhere! Forward! ’Tis all the same,
Colonel;
You’ll find lovely fighting along the whole
line!”

Oh, coil the black shroud of the night at Chantilly
That hid him from sight of his brave men and
tried!
Foul! foul sped the bullet that clipped the white
lily,
The flower of our knighthood, the whole army’s
pride.
Yet we dream that he still, in that shadowy region
Where the dead form their ranks at the wan
drummer’s sign,
Rides on as of old, down the length of his legion,
And the word still is, “Forward!” along the
whole line.

***“THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW,
SIR!”***

“Who’ve ye got there?”—“Only a dying brother,
Hurt in the front just now.”
“Good boy! he’ll do. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how.”



How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade brighten
In the one hand still left, and the reins in his teeth. —Page 79.

“Whom have you there?”—“A crippled courier,
Major,
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall.”—Cruel work they’ve
made here;
Quick with him to the rear!”

“Well, who comes next?”—“Doctor, speak low,
speak low, sir;
Don’t let the men find out!
It’s STONEWALL!”—“God!”—“The brigade must
not know, sir,
While there’s a foe about!”

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial
manner,
Crowned with a martyr’s charm?
A grand dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung—see how
clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck—hark! how
ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

THE BONNETS OF BONNY DUNDEE.

1689.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,

• “Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns
to be broke;

So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee!”

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;

But the Provost, douce man, said, “Just e'en let
him be,

The gude toun is weel quit of that deil of Dun-
dee!”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flying and shaking her prow;
But the young plants of grace they looked
couthie and slee,
Thinking, "Luck to thy bonnet thou Bonny
Dundee."

Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was
crammed,
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny
Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had
spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads and the causeway
was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke:
“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa
words or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes,
“Where’er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your grace in short time shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth;
If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry *Hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

“There’s brass on the target of darkened bull-
hide,
There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash
free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks;
Ere I own a usurper, I’ll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your
glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!”

Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clashed and the horsemen rode
on,
Till on Ravelston’s cliffs and on Clermiston’s lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can;
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it’s up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

THE DANDY FIFTH.

FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

'Twas the time of the workingmen's great strike,
When all the land stood still
At the sudden roar from the hungry mouths
That labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroad ceased,
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.

Through Philadelphia's surging streets
Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
The tillers of the soil;
White-faced militia-men looked on,
While women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then,—
'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
A young patrician lay.

And as, with haughty glance, he swept
Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met,
And soon the chairman said:
"There hides a Judas in our midst,
One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee
When capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
Rang out the savage cry.

Up rose the blacksmith, then, and held
Erect his head of gray:
"I am no traitor, though I bowed
To a rich man's son to-day;
And though you kill me as I stand—
As like you mean to do—
I want to tell you a story short,
And I ask you'll hear me through.

"I was one of those who enlisted first,
The Old Flag to defend,
With Pope and Hallock, with 'Mac' and Grant,
I followed to the end;

And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut;
They brought hampers of good wine;
And every squad had a servant, too,
To keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty 'vets,'
And, through the whole brigade,
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth,
When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Rebs tried hard to take,
'Twas the key of all our line, which naught
While it held out could break.
But a fearful fight we lost just then—
The reserve came up too late;
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
Boom like a funeral knell;

Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
And then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke!

"With the bands all front and our colors spread
We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone,—
They had dreaded that the most,—
The next their last scant ration went,
And each man looked a ghost.

"As he stood, gaunt-eyed, behind his gun,
Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—
Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
Save here and there a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
Grim sentinels in blue;

And their Colonel, *he* could not speak or stir,
But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced at the shot-scarred staff
Where the old flag floated still!

“Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who’ve risen from us—to laugh
At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!”

THE FAMINE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o’er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;

Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"

And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

“Gitche Manito, the Mighty!”
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
“Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!”

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation.
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
“Minnehaha! Minnehaha!”

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne’er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble
“I will follow you, my husband!”

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

“Hark!” she said; ‘I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!”

“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“ ’Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!”

“Look!” she said; “I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!”

“No, my child!” said old Nokomis,
“ ’Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!”

“Ah!” said she, the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha

Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
Over snowfields waste and pathless
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed in her richest garments,
Wrapped in her robes of ermine;
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the door-way,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!



With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there.—Page 96

All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!"

FATE OF CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride
How just *his* hopes, let Swedish Charles decide!
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field,
Behold surrounding Kings their powers combine
And one capitulate, and one resign

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in
vain,

“Think nothing gained,” he cries, “till naught
remain

On Moscow’s walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the Polar sky.”

The march begins in military state,

And nations on his eye suspended wait.

Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,

And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;

He comes—nor want nor cold his course delay;—

Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa’s day!

The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,

And shows his miseries in distant lands;

Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,

While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.

But did not Chance at length her error mend?

Did no subverted empire mark his end?

Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?

Or hostile millions press him to the ground?

His fall was destined to a barren strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;

He left the name, at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale!

*THE TRUE KING.**From Seneca.*

LEIGH HUNT.

'Tis not wealth that makes a King,
Nor the purple coloring;
Nor a brow that's bound with gold,
Nor gate on mighty hinges rolled.

The King is he, who, void of fear,
Looks abroad with bosom clear;
Who can tread ambition down,
Nor be swayed by smile or frown;
Nor for all the treasure cares,
That mine conceals, or harvest wears,
Or that golden sands deliver,
Bosomed in a glassy river.

What shall move his placid might?
Not the headlong thunder-light,
Nor the shapes of slaughter's trade,
With onward lance, or fiery blade.
Safe, with wisdom for his crown,
He looks on all things calmly down,
He welcomes Fate, when Fate is near
Nor taints his dying breath with fear.

No—to fear not earthly thing,
This it is that makes the King;
And all of us, whoe'er we be
May carve us out that royalty.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

ROBERT BROWNING.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood, on our storming-day;
With neck thrust out, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused: "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his
plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

*WILLIAM TELL DESCRIBES HIS
ESCAPE.*

JOHANN FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

I lay on deck, fast bound with cords, disarmed,
In utter hopelessness. I did not think
Again to see the gladsome light of day,
Nor the dear faces of my wife and children,
And eyed disconsolate the waste of waters.

Then we put forth upon the lake,—the Viceroy
Rudolph der Harras, and their suite. My bow
And quiver lay astern beside the helm;
And just as we had reached the corner, near
The Little Axen, Heaven ordained it so,
That from the Gotthardt's gorge a hurricane
Swept down upon us with such headlong force,
That every rower's heart within him sank.
And all on board looked for a watery grave.
Then heard I one of the attendant train,
Turning to Gessler, in this strain accost him:
"You see our danger, and your own, my lord,
And that we hover on the verge of death.
The boatmen there are powerless from fear,
Nor are they confident what course to take;—
Now, here is William Tell, a fearless man,
And knows to steer with more than common skill.
How if we should avail ourselves of him,

In this emergency?" The Viceroy then
Addressed me thus: "If thou wilt undertake
To bring us through this tempest safely, Tell,
I might consent to free thee from thy bonds."
I answered, "Yes, my lord, with God's assistance
I'll see what can be done, and help us Heaven!"
On this they loosed me from my bonds, and I
Stood by the helm and fairly steered along,
Yet ever eyed my shooting gear askance,
And kept a watchful eye upon the shore,
To find some point where I might leap to land.
And when I had descried a shelving crag,
That jutted, smooth atop, into the lake,—
I bade the men put forth their utmost might,
Until we came before the shelving crag.
For there, I said, the danger will be past!
Stoutly they pulled, and soon we neared the point.
One prayer to God for His assisting grace,
And, straining every muscle, I brought round
The vessel's stern close to the rocky wall;
Then, snatching up my weapons, with a bound
I swung myself upon the flattened shelf,
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.
There let it drift about, as Heaven ordains!
Thus am I here, delivered from the might
Of the dread storm, and man, more dreadful still.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!



I swung myself upon the flattened shelf
And with my feet thrust off, with all my might,
The puny bark into the hell of waters.—Page 103.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Trample! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! *pad!* PAD! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! THUD! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! RAP! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,—
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villian's crown,—
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury town!
Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand,—
With a gleam of swords and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand;
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers; but my name,—my deeds,—
Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
Pass sentence on me, if you will;—from Kings,
Lo, I appeal to time! Be just, my liege.
I found your Kingdom rent with heresies,
And bristling with rebellion;—lawless nobles
And breadless serfs; England fomenting discord,
Austria, her clutch on your dominion; Spain

Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead;
Trade rotted in your marts; your Armies
mutinous,

Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now
revoke

Your trust, so be it! and I leave you, sole,
Supremest Monarch of the mightiest realm,
From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without,—
No foe not humbled! Look within,—the Arts
Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
The golden Italy! while throughout the veins
Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
Trade, the calm health of Nations! Sire, I know
That men have called me cruel;—

I am not;—I am *just*! I found France rent
asunder,

The rich men despots, and the poor banditti,
Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple
Brawls festering to rebellion; and weak laws
Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.

I have re-created France; and, from the ashes
Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
Civilization, on her luminous wings,

Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove! What was my art?
Genius, some say;—some, Fortune;—Witchcraft,
some.

Not so;—my art was JUSTICE!

*CROMWELL ON THE DEATH OF
CHARLES THE FIRST.*

E. BULWER LYTTON.

By what law fell King Charles? By all the
laws

He left us! And I, Cromwell, here proclaim it.

Sirs, let us, with a calm and sober eye,

Look on the 'spectre of this ghastly deed.

Who spills man's blood, his shall by man be shed!

'Tis Heaven's first law; to that law we had come,

None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife

That crimsoned Naseby's field, and Marston's
moor?

It was the Stuart;—so the Stuart fell!

A victim, in the pit himself had digged!

He died not, Sirs, as hated Kings have died,

In secret and in shade,—no eye to trace

The one step from their prison to their pall;

He died i' the eyes of Europe,—in the face

Of the broad Heaven; amidst the sons of

England,

Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,

Passed by a solemn Court. Does this seem guilt?

You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more

The tens of thousand honest humble men,

Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a
Crown,

How the earth trembles,—how the Nations gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's
victims,

Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes!

He would have stretched his will
O'er the unlimited empire of men's souls,
Fettered the Earth's pure air,—for freedom is
That air, to honest lips,—and here he lies,
In dust most eloquent, to after time
A never-silent oracle for Kings!
Was this the hand that strained within its grasp
So haught a sceptre?—this the shape that wore
Majesty like a garment? Spurn that clay,—
It can resent not; speak of royal crimes,
And it can frown not;—schemeless lies the brain
Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful
deeds.

What things are we, O Lord, when, at thy will,
A worm like this could shake the mighty world!

A few years since, and in the port was moored

A bark to far Columbia's forests bound;
And I was one of those indignant hearts
Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom.
Then that pale clay (poor clay, that was a King!)
Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride
Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre
Waved back the shadow of the death to come.
Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,
Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,
Beside the coffin of a headless King!
He thrall'd my fate,—I have prepared his doom;
He made me captive,—lo! his narrow cell!
So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth
Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns;
So, walking dream-led in Life's sleep, our steps
Move blindfold to the scaffold or the Throne!

THE GLOVE.

JOHANN FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

Before his lion-garden gate,
The wild-beast combat to await,
King Francis sate:
Around him were his nobles placed,
The balcony above was graced

By ladies of the court, in gorgeous state:
And as with his finger a sign he made,
The iron grating was open laid,
And with stately step and mien
A lion to enter was seen.
With fearful look
His mane he shook,
And yawning wide,
Stared around him on every side;
And stretched his giant limbs of strength,
And laid himself down at his fearful length.
And the king a second signal made,—
And instant was opened wide
A second gate, on the other side,
From which, with fiery bound,
A tiger sprung.
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue.
And, with glittering eye,
Crept round the lion slow and shy
Then, horribly howling,
And grimly growling,
Down by his side himself he laid.

And the king another signal made
The opened grating vomited then
Two leopards forth from their dreadful den,—
They rush on the tiger, with signs of rage.
Eager the deadly fight to wage,
Who, fierce, with paws uplifted stood,
And the lion sprang up with an awful roar.
Then were still the fearful four:
And the monsters on the ground
Crouched in a circle round,
Greedy to taste of blood.

Now, from the balcony above,
A snowy hand let fall a glove:
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
The winsome lady's glove!

And the Lady Kunigund, in bantering mood,
Spoke to Knight Delorges, who by her stood:
"If the flame which but now to me you swore
Burns as strong as it did before,
Go pick up my glove, Sir Knight."
And he, with action quick as sight,
In the horrible place did stand:
And with dauntless mien,
From the beasts between

Took up the glove, with fearless hand;
And as ladies and nobles the bold deed saw,
Their breath they held, through fear and awe.
The glove he brings back, composed and light.
His praise was announced by voice and look,
And Kunigund rose to receive the knight
With a smile that promised the deed to requite;
But straight in her face he flung the glove,—
“I neither desire your thanks nor love;”
And from that same hour the lady forsook.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

JEAN FRANCOIS CASMIR DELAVIGNE.

On the deck stood Columbus: the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.
“Back to Spain!” cry his men: “Put the vessel
about!
We venture no further through danger and
doubt.”—
“Three days, and I give you a world!” he replied:
“Bear up, my brave comrades;—three days shall
decide.”
He sails,—but no token of land is in sight:

He sails,—but the day shows no more than the
night:

On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless
sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks mid the billowy roar:
He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving
blast,

And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the
mast.

The stars of far Europe have sunk from the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified
eyes;

But, at length, the slow dawn, softly streaking the
night,

Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.

“Columbus! 'tis day, and the darkness is o'er.”—

“Day! and what dost thou see?”—“Sky and ocean.
No more!”

The second day's past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping:

“Shall he perish?”—“Ay! death!” is the barbarous
cry;

“He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!”

Ungrateful and blind!—shall the world-linking sea,

He traced for the Future, his sepulchre be?

Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye
craves?

The corse of an humble adventurer, then:

One day later,—Columbus, the first among men!

But, hush! he is dreaming!—A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,
And now, on his dreaming eye,—rapturous sight!
Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness
of night!

O, vision of glory! how dazzling it seems!

How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the
streams!

How blue the far mountains! how glad the green
isles;

And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with
smiles;

“Joy! joy!” cries Columbus, “this region is
mine!”—

Ah! not e’en its name, wondrous dreamer is thine!

But, lo! his dream changes;—a vision less bright
Comes to darken and banish that scene of delight.
The gold-seeking Spaniards, a merciless band,
Assail the meek natives, and ravage the land.
He sees the fair palace, the temple on fire,
And the peaceful Cazique, 'mid their ashes expire:
He sees, too,—O, saddest! O, mournfullest sight!
The crucifix gleam in the thick of the fight.
More terrible far than the merciless steel
Is the uplifted cross in the red hand of Zeal!

Again the dream changes. Columbus looks forth,
And a bright constellation beholds in the North.
'Tis the herald of empire! A People appear,
Impatient of wrong, and unconscious of fear!
They level the forest; they ransack the seas:
Each zone finds their canvas unfurled to the
breeze.

“Hold!” Tyranny cries; but their resolute breath
Sends back the reply, “INDEPENDENCE OR
DEATH!”

The ploughshare they turn to a weapon of might,
And, defying all odds, they go forth to the fight.

They have conquered! The People, with grateful
acclaim

Look to Washington's guidance from Washing-
ton's fame;—

Behold Cincinnatus and Cato combined
In his patriot heart and republican mind.
O, type of true manhood! What sceptre or crown
But fades in the light of thy simple renown?
And lo! by the side of the Hero, a Sage,
In Freedom's behalf, sets his mark on the age:
Whom Science adoringly hails, while he wrings
The lightning from Heaven, the sceptre from
kings!

At length, o'er Columbus slow consciousness
breaks,—

"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—he
awakes—

He runs,—yes! behold it!—it blesseth his sight:
The land! O, dear spectacle! transport! delight!
O, generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and
Spain?

He will lay this fair land at the foot of the
Throne:

His King will repay all the ills he has known:
In exchange for a world what are honors and
gains?

Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—with
chains!

*DESTRUCTION OF THE
PHILISTINES.*

JOHN MILTON.

Occasions drew me early to the city;
And, as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had despatched,
When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the
People
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious theatre
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit, in order to behold:
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and
wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately

Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad: before him pipes,
And timbrels,—on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot,—before him and behind,
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts and spears.

At sight of him, the People with a shout
Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place; and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be essayed,
To heave, pull, draw or break, he still performed
All with incredible, stupendous force:
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars: he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
As over-tired, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massy pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.

He, unsuspecting, led him: which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:

At last with head erect, thus cried aloud:—
“Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed:
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and
drew

The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these inmixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself:
The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

THE CHARGE BY THE FORD.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

EIGHTY and nine with their captain
Rode on the enemy's track,
Rode in the gray of the morning:
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river,
Lighter each moment the way;
Careless and tearless and fearless
Galloped they on to the fray.

Singing in tune, how the scabbards
Loud on the stirrup-irons rang,
Clinked as the men rose in saddle,
Fell as they sank with a clang.

What is it moves by the river,
Jaded and weary and weak?
Gray-backs—a cross on their banner—
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge:
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge! like a hurricane, charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal—
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle,
Tracing the enemy's track,—
Ninety had ridden to battle,
Nine of the ninety came back.

Honor the name of the ninety;
Honor the heroes who came
Scatheless from five hundred muskets,
Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers
Lie on the field of the slain—
Lie on the red field of honor:
Honor the nine who remain!

Cold are the dead there, and gory,
There where their life-blood was spilt;
Back come the living, each sabre
Red from the point to the hilt.

Give them three cheers and a tiger!
Let the flags wave as they come!
Give them the blare of the trumpet!
Give them the roll of the drum!

THE FIREMAN.

F. S. HILL.

Hark! that alarm-bell, 'mid the wintry storm!
Hear the loud shout! the rattling engines swarm.
Hear that distracted mother's cry to save
Her darling infant from a threatened grave!
That babe who lies in sleep's light pinions bound,
And dreams of heaven, while hell is raging round!
Forth springs the Fireman—stay! nor tempt thy
fate!—

He hears not—heeds not—nay, it is too late!
See how the timbers crash beneath his feet!
O, which way now is left for his retreat?
The roaring flames already bar his way,
Like ravenous demons raging for their prey!
He laughs at danger,—pauses not for rest,
Till the sweet charge is folded to his breast.

Now, quick brave youth, retrace your path,— but
lo!

A fiery gulf yawns fearfully below!

One desperate leap!—lost! lost—the flames arise,

And paint their triumph on the o'erarching skies!

Not lost! again his tottering form appears!

The applauding shouts of rapturous friends he
hears!

The big drops from his manly forehead roll,

And deep emotions thrill his generous soul.

But struggling nature now reluctant yields;

Down drops the arm the infant's face that shields,

To bear the precious burden all too weak;

When, hark!—the mother's agonizing shriek!

Once more he's roused,—his eye no longer swims,

And tenfold strength reanimates his limbs;

He nerves his faltering frame for one last

bound,—

“Your child!” he cries, and sinks upon the ground!

And his reward you ask;—reward he spurns;

For him the father's generous bosom burns,—

For him on high the widow's prayer shall go,—

For him the orphan's pearly tear-drop flow.

His boon,—the richest e'er to mortals given,—

Approving conscience, and the smile of Heaven!

A BORDER BALLAD.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story;
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms then, and march in good
order;
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border!

THE PRESS.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

God said—"Let there be light!"

Grim darkness felt His might,

And fled away:

Then startled seas and mountains cold

Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,

And cried—" 'Tis day! 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed

The thunderous cloud that flamed

O'er daisies white;

And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,

Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,

And, blushing, murmured—"Light."

Then was the skylark born;

Then rose the embattled corn;

Then floods of praise

Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;

And then, in stillest night, the moon

Poured forth her pensive rays.

Lo, Heaven's bright bow is glad

Lo, trees and flowers, all clad

In glory, bloom!

And shall the immortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?

No, by the *mind* of man!
By the swart artisan!
We will aspire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.

By all we hope of Heaven,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this blessed hour,
The night of mind,—is gone!

"The Press!" all lands shall sing;
The Press, the Press we bring,
All lands to bless.
O, pallid Want! O, Labor stark!
Behold! we bring the second ark!
The Press, the Press, the Press!



Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge! like a hurricane, Charge!—Page 122.

DANNY DEEVER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you
can 'ear the Dead March play,

The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're
hangin' him to-day;

They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his
stripes away,

An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?"
said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?"
said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deeever, they are
marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'alted Danny Deeever by 'is coffin
on the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneak-
in', shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deeever in the
mornin'!

"'Iscot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on
Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deeever, you must
mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is country an' the regi-
ment's disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deeever in
the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over 'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Color-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever,
you can 'ear the quickstep play,
The regiment's in column, an' they're
marchin' us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an'
they'll want their beer to-day,
After hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

A BALLAD OF ATHLONE;

or, How They Broke Down the Bridge

AUBREY DE VERE.

Does any man dream that a Gael can fear?—

Of a thousand deeds let him learn but one!

The Shannon swept onward, broad and clear,

Between the leaguers and worn Athlone.

“Break down the bridge!”—Six warriors rushed
Through the storm of shot and the storm of
shell:

With late, but certain, victory flushed
The grim Dutch gunners eyed them well.

They wrenched at the planks 'mid a hail of fire:
They fell in death, their work half done:
The bridge stood fast; and nigh and nigher
The foe swarmed darkly, densely on.

“O who for Erin will strike a stroke?
Who hurl yon planks where the waters roar?”
Six warriors forth from their comrades broke,
And flung them upon that bridge once more.

Again at the rocking planks they dashed;
And four dropped dead; and two remained:
The huge beams groaned, and the arch down
crashed;—
Two stalwart swimmers the margin gained.

St. Ruth in his stirrups stood up, and cried,
“I have seen no dead like that in France!”
With a toss of his head Sarsfield replied,
“They had luck, the dogs! 'Twas a merry
chance!”

O many a year upon Shannon's side,
They sang upon moor and they sang upon
heath
Of the twain that breasted that raging tide,
And the ten that shook bloody hands with
Death!

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

LORD BYRON.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand,—his manly brow
Consents to death but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not: his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother,—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday,—
All this rushed with his blood.—Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut
your ire.

GEORGE NIDIVER.

ANONYMOUS.

Men have done brave deeds,
And bards have sung them well;
I of good George Nidiver
Now the tale will tell.

In Californian mountains
A hunter bold was he;
Keen his eye and sure his aim
As any you should see.

A little Indian boy
Followed him everywhere,
Eager to share the hunter's joy,
The hunter's meal to share.

And when the bird or deer
Fell by the hunter's skill,
The boy was always near
To help with right good-will.

One day as through the cleft
Between two mountains steep,
Shut in both right and left,
Their questing way they keep,

They see two grizzly bears,
With hunger fierce and fell,
Rush at them unawares,
Right down the narrow dell.

The boy turned round with screams,
And ran with terror wild;
One of the pair of savage beasts
Pursued the shrieking child.

The hunter raised his gun,—
He knew one charge was all,—
And through the boy's pursuing foe
He sent his only ball.

The other on George Nidiver
Came on with dreadful pace;
The hunter stood unarmed,
And met him face to face.

I say *unarmed* he stood:
Against those frightful paws
The rifle-butt, or club of wood,
Could stand no more than straws.

George Nidiver stood still,
And looked him in the face;
The wild beast stopped amazed,
Then came with slackening pace.

Still firm the hunter stood,
Although his heart beat high;
Again the creature stopped,
And gazed with wondering eye.

The hunter met his gaze,
Nor yet an inch gave way;
The bear turned slowly round,
And slowly moved away.

What thoughts were in his mind
It would be hard to spell;
What thoughts were in George Nidiver
I rather guess than tell.

But sure that rifle's aim,
Swift choice of generous part,
Showed in its passing gleam
The depths of a brave heart.

SILVER-SHOE.

WALTER THORNBURY.

The sky was dimpled blue and white,
The west was leaden gray,
Till in the east rose a fire of red,
That burnt all the fog away.

The thorn-bush seemed new-dipped in blood,
The firs were hung with cones,
The oaks were golden-green with moss,
The birch wore its silver zones.

The deer with skins of a velvet pile
Were feeding under the boughs
Of the oaks, that stretched their guarding arms
Around the manor-house.

'Twas *Oh!* for the glossy chestnut mare,
And *hurrah!* for the fiery roan,
But the caps went up like a cloud in the air
For Silver-Shoe alone.

We left the stable, where the door
Was nailed with winners' shoes,
And we trampled out to the crop-eared down
By laughing ones and twos.

The diamond seed of sprinkling dew
From the firs were shaking down,
As we cantered out by the dark-thorned trees,
And over the green hill-crown.

The chestnut mare was dancing mad,
The roan gave a snorting shout,
But you never heard a rolling cheer
Till Silver-Shoe came out.

The starter waved his scarlet flag,
And then we stole along,
Past the line of rails and the nodding heads,
And past the thicker throng.

Gathering up, we trod, we trod,
Till like a boat well rowed,
Together went our hoofs thrown out,
So evenly we strode.

And now we skirt the crescent down,
Past the crimson-spotted thorns,
And away we go with a toss of hats
And a driving blast of horns.

Pad, pad together went our hoofs,
Ting, ting the rings and chains,
Chat, chat, chatter over the stones,
And splash through the red-clay lanes.

A white froth rose on our horses' mouths,
A lather on their hides,
And soon blood-drops from the rowel pricks
Oozed red from dripping sides.

There was a black mare, Yorkshire bred,
And the strong-built Irish gray,
But SILVER-SHOE was the only one
To show them all the way.

Strong and wide was his massy chest,
And bright his deep-brown eye;
He could do anything but walk,
And everything but fly.

I knew the music of his feet
Over the hollow down;
He was the chosen of the ten,
And the pet of Salisbury town.

Over we went, like skimming birds,
Clean over the wattled fence,
And crash through the bristling purple hedge,
With its thorny mailed defence.

The chestnut fell, at the water-leap,
With its shining fourteen feet;
At the double rail the roan broke down,
But the black mare was not beat.

Together went our double shoes,
Together went our stride,
Till I saw the blood in a crimson thread
Run down Black Bessy's side.

I pushed him at the brook and hedge,
And never touched a twig,
But I shuddered to see a stiff strong fence
That rose up bold and big.

Now ghastly rose the rasping fence,
Broad yawned the ditch below;
I gave him head, and gave him spur,
And let my wild blood go.

The black was down, and I was clear,
Though staggering and blown;
As I rode in trusty SILVER-SHOE
His saddle seemed a throne.

The sky was spinning like a wheel,
The trees were waltzing too,
As off I leaped, and clapped the flank
Of the winner—SILVER-SHOE.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE.

LORD BYRON.

“ ‘Bring forth the horse!’—the horse was brought,
In truth, he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
With spur and bridle undefiled,—
’T was but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desert-born was led;
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong;
Then loosed him with a sudden lash,—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

“Away!—away!—My breath was gone,—
I saw not where he hurried on;
’T was scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foamed,—away!—away!—
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,

Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout;
With sudden wrath I wrenched my head,
 And snapped the cord which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half my form about,
Howled back my curse; but midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:

.

“Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is checkered with the northern light:
Town,—village,—none were on our track,
 But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
 And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,

.

“But fast we fled, away, away,
And I could neither sigh nor pray;

And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slackened in his speed;
But no,—my bound and slender frame

Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became:
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'t was faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang;
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

.

“We neared the wild wood,—’twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
’Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—

But these were few and far between,
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foliage dead,
Discolored with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffened gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:
'T was a wild haste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;
But far apart,—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine,—

The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarred with cold,—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire;

Where'er we flew they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
O, how I wished for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!
When first my courser's race begun
I wished the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed.
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
Had nerved him like the mountain roe;

"The wood was passed; 't was more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold,—
Prolonged endurance tames the bold;

.

"What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies rolled round,
I seemed to sink upon the ground;
But erred, for I was fastly bound.

My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther; he who dies
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
 And strove to wake; but could not make
My senses climb up from below;
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain;
But soon it passed, **with little pain,**
 But a confusion worse than such;
 I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again;
And yet I do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
No matter; I have bared my brow
Full in Death's face—before—and now.

“My thoughts came back: where was I? Cold
And numb and giddy: pulse by pulse
Life reassumed its lingering hold,
And throb by throb,—till grown a pang
Which for a moment would convulse,
My blood reflowed, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang;
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight returned, though dim; alas!
And thickened, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh;
There was a gleam too of the sky,
Studded with stars;—it is no dream;
The wild horse swims the wilder stream!
The bright, broad river’s gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o’er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffened limbs were rebaptized,
My courser’s broad breast proudly braves,
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance!
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,

For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew.

“With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed’s sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems,
Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white,
Or scattered spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light
As rose the moon upon my right.
But naught distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star;
Not even an *ignis-fatuus* rose
To make him merry with my woes;

That very cheat had cheered me then!
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

“Onward we went,—but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o’erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour;
But useless all to me.
His new-born tameness naught availed,—
My limbs were bound; my force had failed,
Perchance, had they been free.
With feeble efforts still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
But still it was in vain;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o’er
Which but prolonged their pain;
The dizzy race seemed almost done,
Although no goal was nearly won;
Some streaks announced the coming sun,—
How slow, alas! he came!
Methought that mist of dawning gray
Would never dapple into day;

How heavily it rolled away,—
Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

“Up rose the sun; the mists were curled
Back from the solitary world
Which lay around—behind—before.
What bootéd it to traverse o’er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
No sign of travel,—none of toil;
The very air was mute;
And not an insect’s shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird’s new voice, was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still staggered on;
And still we were, or seemed, alone.
At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
Is it the wind those branches stirs?

No, no! from out the forest prance
A trampling troop; I see them come!
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry,—my lips were dumb.
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse,—and none to ride!
With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretched by pain,
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarred by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight renerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh,

He answered and then fell:
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immovable,
His first and last career is done!
On came the troop,—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:

They stop,—they start,—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,
Linked to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me, and there we lay

The dying on the dead!
I little deemed another day
Would see my houseless, helpless head.

“And there from morn till twilight bound,
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me.

MONCONTOUR.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

O, weep for Moncontour! O, weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had
power;

When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their
God.

O, weep for Moncontour! O, weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered
in vain!

O, weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame or the exile's despair!

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines and the beds of our
flowers;

To the church where the bones of our fathers
decayed,

Where we fondly had deemed that our own should
be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home,
To the spearman of Uri, the shavelings of Rome;

To the serpent of Florence, the sultan of Spain;
To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the song of thy youths, the dance of thy maids;
To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy
bees,

And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees!

Farewell and forever! The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;
Our hearths we abandon,—our lands we resign,—
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but thine.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

J. S. KNOWLES.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!

How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine,—whose
smile

Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!

——Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
O'er the abyss:—his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not
shoot—

'T was liberty!—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE, AYTOUN.

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged stréak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town.
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.
Ah God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 't is to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms,—
The bells begin to toll,—
"He is coming! he is coming!
God's mercy on his soul!"
One last long peal of thunder,—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorius sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

“He is coming! he is coming!”

Like a bridegroom from his room
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.
There was color in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan;
And they marveled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within,—
All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallow's-tree.
Then, radiant and serene, he rose,
And cast his cloak away;
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush, and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky,—
The work of death was done!

SCREW-GUNS.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beg-
gar forgets
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles the
dear little pets—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the screw
guns they all love you.

So when we call round with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's
worse if you fights or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid
up the trees, but you don't get away
from the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but most-
ly we goes where they ain't;
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board, an' trust
to the stick o' the paint;

We've chivied the Naga an' Lushai, we've give
the Afreedee-man fits,

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we
guns that are built in two bits—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave;

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'
rattles 'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.

D' you say that you sweat with the field-guns?
By God, you must lather with us—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-
moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're
out on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what car-
ries away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the
jinglety-jink o' the chains—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin, an'
a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,



He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd.—Page 157.

An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight as a
beggar can spit;
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves
an' the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the
old gun in 'er place—Tss! Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-
goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-
ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast!—Tss!
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the
screw-guns they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o'
course you will know what to do—hoo!
hoo!
Just send in your Chief and surrender—
it's worse if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only
your graves, but you don't get away
from the guns!

A CAVALRY SONG.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle;
HALT!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball:
Now, cling! clang! forward all,
Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome:
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven! No thoughts of home:
The guidons that we bear are dearer.
CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall:
Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!
The bugles sound the swift recall:
Cling! clang! backward all!
Home, and good night!

KOSCIUSKO AND POLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Warsaw's last champion from her height surveyed,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country
save!—

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along the banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord or axe or flame,
He only knows that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In gray soft eddyings hung;
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself so young?

Yes, honor calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by;
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel,
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain mightiest fleets of iron framed,
Vain those all-shattering guns,
Unless proud England keep untamed
The strong heart of her sons;
So let his name through Europe ring,—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they
went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say,—past friendship to renew,—
“Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?”
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,

And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said:
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again;
This is your Uncle Charles, come home from
Spain."

The child approached, and with her fingers light
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale,—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On came the whirlwind,—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast;
On came the whirlwind,—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,



On came the whirlwind—Steel—gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke. Page 168.

As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again,
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume and panoply.

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks

Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,

And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Emperor Nap he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green and the sky was blue;
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more,
Heigh-ho, for Moscow!
There were marshals by dozens and dukes by the
score,
Princes a few, and kings one or two,
While the fields are so green and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
 Heigh-ho, for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and Emperor Nap,
 Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
But they must be marched to Moscow.

But the Russians they stoutly turned to,
 All on the road to Moscow,
Nap had to fight his way all through,
They could fight, but they could not parley-vous,
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow!

They made the place too hot for him,
 For they set fire to Moscow;
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
Than to march back again from Moscow.
The Russians they stuck close to him,
 All on the road from Moscow;
There was Tormazow and Gomalow,

And all the others that end in *ow*;
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
And all the others that end in *efsky*;
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
And all the others that end in *eff*;
Wasitschecoff, Kostomaroff, and Theoglokoﬀ,
And all the others that end in *off*;
Milaravoditch, and Juladovitch, and Karatch-
kowitch,
And all the others that end in *itch*;
Osharoffsky, and Rostoffsky, Kasatichkoﬀsky,
And all the others that end in *offsky*;
And Platoff he played them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Tutchkoﬀ he touched them off,
And Kutusoff he cut them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Dochteroff he doctored them off,
And Rodinoff he flogged them off;
And last of all an Admiral came,
A terrible man, with a terrible name,
A name which you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell.

They stuck close to Nap with all their might,
They were on the left and on the right,

Behind and before, and by day and by night;
Nap would rather parley-vous than fight;
 But parley-vous would no more do,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
For they remembered Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,
 All on the road from Moscow!
The Emperor Nap found, as he went,
That he was not quite omnipotent;
And worse and worse the weather grew,
The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Ventrebleu!
What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,
 All on the road from Moscow!
Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,
To fight all day and to freeze all night;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away, I tell you true,
 All by himself from Moscow.

THE LORD OF BUTRAGO.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

“Your horse is faint, my King, my lord! your
gallant horse is sick,—

His limbs are torn, his breast is gored, on his eye
the film is thick;

Mount, mount on mine, O, mount apace, I pray
thee, mount and fly!

Or in my arms I'll lift your Grace,—their tram-
pling hoofs are night!

“My King, my King! you're wounded sore,—the
blood runs from your feet;

But only lay a hand before, and I'll lift you to
your seat;

Mount, Juan, for they gather fast!—I hear their
coming cry,—

Mount, mount, and ride for jeopardy,—I'll save
you though I die!

“Stand, noble steed! this hour of need,—be gentle
as a lamb;

I'll kiss the foam from off thy mouth,—thy
master dear I am,—

Mount, Juan, mount; whate'er betide, away the
bridle fling,

And plunge the rowels in his side.—My horse
shall save my King!

“Nay, never speak; my sires, Lord King, received
their land from yours,
And joyfully their blood shall spring, so be it
thine secures;
If I should fly, and thou, my King, be found
among the dead,
How could I stand 'mong gentlemen, such scorn
on my gray head?

“Castile's proud dames shall never point the finger
of disdain,
And say there's one that ran away when our good
lords were slain!
I leave Diego in your care,—you'll fill his father's
place;
Strike, strike the spur, and never spare,—God's
blessing on your Grace!”

So spake the brave Montanez, Butrago's lord was
he;
And turned him to the coming host in steadfast-
ness and glee;
He flung himself among them, as they came down
the hill,—
He died, God wot! but not before his sword had
drunk its fill.

THE BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's calm
on the sea,

Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
Dundee.

O the broadswords of old Scotland!

And O the old Scottish broadswords!

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
brave,—

Let him flee from our board, let him sleep with
the slave,

Whose libation comes slow while we honor his
grave.

O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.

Though he died not, like him, amid victory's roar,
Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud on
the shore,

Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.

O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.

Yea, a place with the fallen the living shall claim;
We'll intwine in one wreath every glorious name,
The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the
Graham.

. *All the broadswords of old Scotland, etc.*

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves of
the Forth,

Count the stars in the clear, cloudless heaven of
the north;

Then go blazon their numbers, their names, and
their worth,

All the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.

The highest in splendor, the humblest in place,
Stand united in glory, as kindred in race,
For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.

O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
free,

Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
Dundee.

O the broadswords of old Scotland! etc.

BALAKLAVA.

ALEXANDER B. MEEK.

O the charge of Balaklava!
 O that rash and fatal charge!
Never was a fiercer, braver,
Than that charge at Balaklava,
 On the battle's bloody marge!
All the day the Russian columns,
 Fortress huge, and blazing banks,
Poured their dread destructive volumes
 On the French and English ranks,—
 On the gallant allied ranks!
Earth and sky seemed rent asunder
By the loud incessant thunder!
When a strange but stern command—
Needless, heedless, rash command—
Came to Lucan's little band,—
Scarce six hundred men and horses
Of those vast contending forces: —
"England's lost unless you save her!
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!
Far away the Russian Eagles
 Soar o'er smoking hill and dell,

And their hordes, like howling beagles,
Dense and countless, round them yell!
Thundering cannon, deadly mortar,
Sweep the field in every quarter!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Trembled so the Chersonesus!

Here behold the Gallic Lilies—
Stout St. Louis' golden Lilies—
Float as erst at old Ramillies!
And beside them, lo! the Lion!
With her trophied Cross, is flying!
Glorious standards!—shall they waver
On the field of Balaklava?
No, by Heavens! at that command—
Sudden, rash, but stern command—
Charges Lucan's little band!

Brave Six Hundred! lo! they charge,
On the battle's bloody marge!

Down yon deep and skirted valley,
Where the crowded cannon play,—
Where the Czar's fierce cohorts rally,
Cossack, Calmuck, savage Kalli,—

Down that gorge they swept away!
Down that new Thermopylæ,
Flashing swords and helmets see!

Underneath the iron shower,
 To the brazen cannon's jaws,
Heedless of their deadly power,
 Press they without fear or pause,—
 To the very cannon's jaws!
Gallant Nolan, brave as Roland
 At the field of Roncesvalles,
 Dashes down the fatal valley,
Dashes on the bolt of death,
Shouting with his latest breath,
"Charge, then, gallants! do not waver,
Charge the pass at Balaklava!"
 O that rash and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge!

Now the bolts of volleyed thunder
Rend that little band asunder,
Steed and rider wildly screaming,
 Screaming wildly, sink away;
Late so proudly, proudly gleaming,
 Now but lifeless clods of clay!
 Now but bleeding clods of clay!
Never, since the days of Jesus,
Saw such sight the Chersonesus!
Yet your remnant, brave Six Hundred,
Presses onward, onward, onward,

Till they storm the bloody pass,—
Till, like brave Leonidas,
They storm the deadly pass!
Sabring Cossack, Calmuck, Kalli,
In that wild shot-rended valley,—
Drenched with fire and blood, like lava,
Awful pass at Balaklava!
O that rash and fatal charge,
On that battle's bloody marge!

For now Russia's rallied forces,
Swarming hordes of Cossack horses,
Trampling o'er the reeking corsès,
Drive the thinned assailants back,
Drive the feeble remnant back,
O'er their late heroic track!
Vain, alas! now rent and sundered,
Vain your struggles, brave Two Hundred!
Thrice your number lie asleep,
In that valley dark and deep.
Weak and wounded you retire
From that hurricane of fire,—
That tempestuous storm of fire,—
But no soldiers, firmer, braver,
Ever trod the field of fame,
Than the Knights of Balaklava,—
Honor to each hero's name!

Yet their country long shall mourn
For her rank so rashly shorn,—
So gallantly, but madly shorn
 In that fierce and fatal charge,
 On the battle's bloody marge.

THE LAST BUCCANIER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O England is a pleasant place for them that's rich
 and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks
 as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see
 again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish
 Main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both
 swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons
 round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair
 and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them
 loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his
 hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel torture from Indian
 folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as
 hard as stone,
Who flog men and keelhaul them, and starve them
 to the bone.

O the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that
 shone like gold,
And the colibris* and parrots they were gorgeous
 to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast
 did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from
 sea.

O sweet is was in Avès to hear the landward
 breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the
 trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened
 to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never
 touched the shore,

* humming bird.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things
must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put
down were we.
All day we fought like bull-dogs, but they burst
the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua†, sore wounded, from the
fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass be-
side,
Till, for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young
thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg
until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't
tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be
worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the
main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once
again.

† canoe.



And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.—Page 189

LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

JAMES HOGG.

“Lock the door, Lariston, Lion of Liddesdale;
Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
 The Armstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
The Castletown’s burning, and Oliver’s gone!

“Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather-
 gleam.
See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky—
 Yoemen and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!

“Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere;
Lock the door, Lariston; hold them at bay.

“Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger;
Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh.”

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous embrace;

 "Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

"Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;
Little know you of our moss-troopers' might—
 Linhope and Sorbie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and
 Netherbie,
Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray!"

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green
 Liddesdale,
Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold;
 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirror'd that morning sky,
Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior's
shout,

Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;

Helmet and hauberk then,

Braved the claymore in vain,

Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane—the proud files of the Wind-
ermere!

Howard! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day!

Hear the wide welkin rend,

While the Scots' shouts ascend—

“Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!”

OFFICERS DID IT ALL.

The “General” tells, with swelling pride,

How the fires of battle gleamed—

Of the slaughter of men “on the other side,”

As the shell and shrapnel screamed;

How “we charged the foe like the mighty wave

Of a wild and stormy sea,”

But, in that rush of the true and brave,

The Private—where was he?

The "Colonel" boasts how his horse fell
On Georgia's blood-stained hills;
How he stemmed the wave of that battle hell,
Avenging his country's ills;
How the ghastly heaps of the gallant slain
Bestrewed the slippery ground—
But we study the tragic tale in vain,
There were no Privates 'round.

Oh, the "Major's" sword, it was red with gore!
And great was the foe's alarm,
As they charged, and halted, and fled, before
The swing of his mighty arm;
But Freedom burnish'd her epaulettes,
As she swatted the hosts of sin—
And the lonely pensioner still forgets
That the Privates were not in.

How brave they flew, at their country's call,
To the outpost's, far in front!
"Generals," "Colonels," and "Majors" all
To strive in the battle's brunt;
And the "Captain's" stand, ten thousand strong
To tell how the thing was done—
But where was the "Private" in that throng?
Alas, there was not one!

—*From the Cleveland "Plain Dealer."*

MONTEREY.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

We were not many,—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day;
Yet many a gallant sprit would
Give half his years if but he could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept,
Through walls of flame, its withering way;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play;
Where orange boughs above their grave,
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many,—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

Our signal for fight, that from monarch's we
drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, etc.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchurn and
her towers,

Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours:

We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!

Landless, landless, landless, etc.

But doomed and devoted by vassal and lord

Macgregor has still both his heart and his sword!

Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!

Courage, courage, courage, etc.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with
beagles,

Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to
the eagles!

Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance,
Grigalach!

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, etc.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on
the river,

Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!

Come, then, Grigalach! come then, Griga-
lach!

Come then, come then, come then, etc.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed
shall career,
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall
steer,
And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance un-
felt!
Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, etc.

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

